

AN ARTICLE BY LOUISE JOHNSON ON THE WOMEN OF THE CABINET, ACCOMPANIED BY PORTRAITS, WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY."

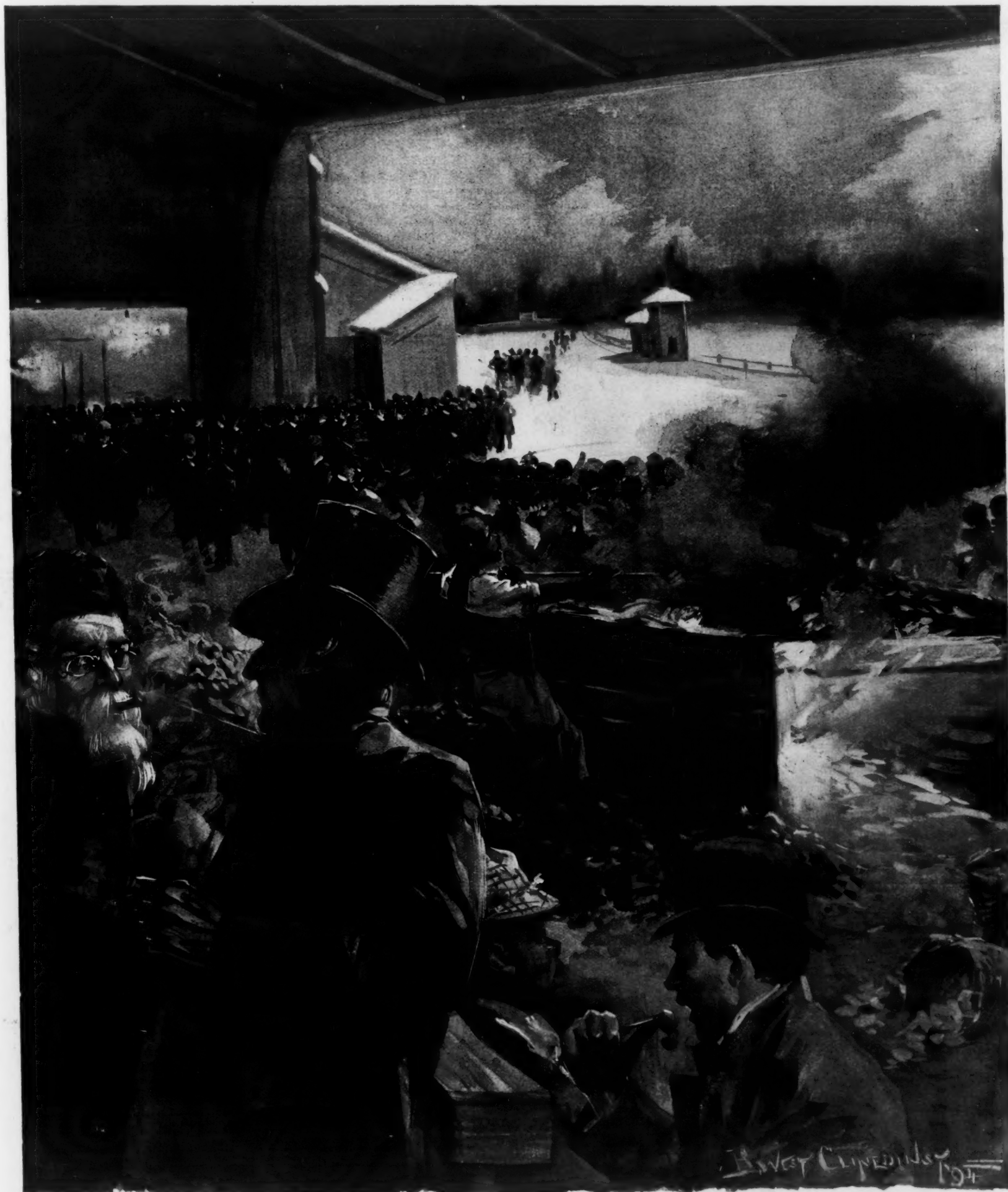
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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AN EAST'N SHO' (MARYLAND) OYSTER-ROAST ON THE PIMLICO RACE-TRACK, BALTIMORE.—DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.—[SEE PAGE 70.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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Right the Wrong.



CONGRESS should peremptorily enjoin President Cleveland, Secretary Gresham, and Minister Willis to meddle no more with the affairs of the Hawaiian government. The Secretary of State should also be directed to inform President Dole that the offensive demand made upon the provisional government is disavowed by the United States and withdrawn.

This is the language of a Democratic newspaper—the Cincinnati Enquirer. It expresses the undoubted sentiment of the American people. We have had enough and to spare of impertinent interference in the affairs of the Hawaiians. We have been humiliated and disgraced in the eyes of the world by an impudent attempt to destroy a republican form of government and erect on its ruins a discarded monarchy, whose head openly avowed a blood-thirsty purpose to behead, at the first opportunity, the members of the provisional government, banish their families, and confiscate their property. This government, thus menaced by the deposed Queen, was the government in fact and law, recognized as such by all the Powers of the world. The American minister had been accredited to and been welcomed by it. In his official capacity, after having assured it of his friendship, he entered into secret negotiations with its enemies and conspired for its overthrow. He encouraged among the adherents of the monarchy a spirit of sedition, thereby endangering the public peace, disturbing business, and exposing the lives and property of loyal citizens to serious peril. There is but one way in which this wrong can be righted and this disgrace obliterated, and that is by a frank apology to the provisional government, and an open confession of the crime attempted against it.

The first step in this direction should be the recall of Minister Willis, whose presence at Honolulu is, as the New York World rightly puts it, "a menace and a wrong to the Hawaiian government which the great republic should be ashamed to put upon a weak and defenseless nation. What the United States would not venture to do, nor be permitted to do, in dealing with a strong nation it must not do toward a weak one." But the mere recall of Minister Willis will not fully atone for the wrong we have done. Congress should formally disavow the offensive acts he has committed under direction of the President, and it should emphasize this disavowal by an explicit censure of the executive for the presumptuous assumption of powers which, under the Constitution, do not inhere in his office. We cannot afford, if we would retain the respect of the world, to proffer a mere half-way reparation. We must do absolute justice. And where the national honor is concerned party feeling should have no place. A plain duty is set before us. Democrats and Republicans should display equal ardor in its performance. Is there courage enough, and a sufficiently high moral sense, at Washington to put the country right before the nations and in history, as to this most monstrous of infamies?

The Diplomatic Service.



MR. JOSIAH QUINCY has been sharply criticised, and deservedly so, for his wholesale looting of the consular service during his brief incumbency of the office of Secretary of State. A pronounced civil-service reformer, Mr. Quincy made partisan service the condition of all appointments, and it is matter of history that some of the appointees selected under this rule were in every sense unfit for the important representative positions assigned them. But Mr. Quincy's offense in debauching the consular service, great as it is, is less serious its consequences than that of which

the President has been guilty in some of his diplomatic appointments. Mr. Cleveland was pledged distinctly to the principles of civil-service reform. He

was under engagement to the country to elevate the diplomatic service in point of character and equipment. He proposed to select only the best and most capable men as our representatives at foreign courts. That engagement has not been fulfilled. On the contrary, many of his appointments (like that of Mr. Van Allen as minister to Italy) have been, apparently, inspired by partisan considerations of the lowest order, and none have been conspicuous, unless it be that of Mr. Bayard as ambassador to Great Britain, for eminence of character or qualification. This is especially true as to the ministers sent to countries where, owing to internal disorders and complications of international interests, it was important that men of experience and high capacity should represent us. Take the case of Brazil. Our relations with that republic are at once peculiar and important. The people and the government have a special claim upon our sympathy and good offices. American interests and enterprises, established there in spite of fierce foreign competition, and endangered by internal commotions, needed protection. It was to be supposed, in view of the critical condition of affairs, with the government fighting for its life, and foreign governments active and alert, prepared to seize any and every opportunity to promote policies hostile to our interests, that some man trained in diplomacy and capable of coping with any exigency that might arise would be accredited to that government as our minister. But what is the fact? Mr. Cleveland, with a strange fatuity, sent thither, as our representative, a gentleman who is lacking in every qualification—who has had no experience in the diplomatic service; who has no knowledge of the world; who is an entire stranger to the country, its customs, its politics, and its language; and who is compelled to rely wholly upon other members of the diplomatic body for any information he may obtain as to the progress of events. Of course, being thus at the mercy of the trained and intelligent diplomats around him, he is utterly useless to his government, and it is not surprising to learn that the Department of State is now compelled to depend entirely upon the dispatches of naval officers, received through the Navy Department, for all the information it obtains concerning the situation at Rio de Janeiro and elsewhere in the republic. What a spectacle is this! There has never been a more notable illustration than is here afforded of the absurdity of appointing men of indifferent capacity to the diplomatic service. There has scarcely ever been a case in which the plainest proprieties were so clearly disregarded. And for this and similar selections, made in contempt of every consideration of high principle, we have to thank the President who is pledged over and over again to make the elevation of this department of the public service a peculiar and paramount feature of his administration.

There are, under existing political conditions, obvious difficulties in the way of establishing a permanent diplomatic service. Party spirit and partisan greed are obstacles which cannot be overcome without a struggle. But object-lessons, like that here referred to, of the inefficiency of this service under the methods now pursued, and of the disadvantages we are at in our official intercourse with foreign nations, ought to quicken the public sympathy with the movement for an abandonment of these methods, and the introduction of the element of permanence into our diplomatic system. So long as our ambassadors are selected as a reward for partisan contributions or services, and without reference to their educational acquirements and experience in affairs; so long, in a word, as partisanship dominates the executive and the Senate, and the people refuse to assert themselves resolutely against the untoward tendencies of the appointive power, so long we will continue to be disgraced by inferior service abroad and the prey of spoilers at home.

The Bond Issue.



SECRETARY CARLISLE has at last decided to issue bonds in order to meet the current expenses of the government. Eight or nine months ago, when warned by the associated bankers of New York that the conditions which now exist were certain to come unless he adopted measures to avert them, he treated the suggestion with contempt, insisting that he had no authority in-law to issue bonds. But if he could not lawfully raise money by the sale of bonds to strengthen the gold reserve, his authority to issue them for the purpose of getting cash to meet the current expenses of the government is certainly not apparent. The law under which he assumes the power to do so is that which authorizes the sale of bonds to assure specie payments. By its very terms that law contemplated the protection of the currency, and the use of the power it confers for the purpose of maintaining the gold reserve would obviously have been more natural and legitimate than its employment for the end now proposed. It is a distinct perversion of the law to apply it to the present purpose. It was never meant to serve any such end.

The trouble with Mr. Carlisle is that he has been unwilling to accept the advice of men whose knowledge of finance is the result of practical experience. He has

conceived that the conclusions he has arrived at in a purely superficial study of financial laws and problems were sounder and more trustworthy as a rule of official action than the lessons of life-long familiarity with affairs. Then, too, he has been governed by an unworthy suspicion and distrust of the bankers and other financiers who have offered him counsel. Evidently he now sees his mistake, but the country has to pay for it. Last spring he could have placed a low-interest loan with every advantage to the treasury, and with the heartiest co-operation of the banks. Action then would have restored confidence, strengthened the national credit, and averted business disorder and distress. Now, driven to adopt the very policy then rejected, he not only confesses his mistake, but asks the people to share with him the cost of his obstinacy and wrongheadedness.

This country may well look with a sense of humiliation upon such a spectacle of official imbecility. But the national credit must be maintained, and it will be, spite of Democratic blundering. Congress may fail to enact wise legislation for its protection, and treasury officials may prove themselves incompetent, but the people have confidence in themselves and the resources at their command, and money will be supplied without stint, as has been done in answer to Secretary Carlisle's appeal, whenever it is needed to buttress the credit and save the honor of the nation.

The Vacancy in the Supreme Court.

It is said that the Supreme Court of the United States is holding back important constitutional questions until there shall be a full Bench. Justice Blatchford died on the 7th of July last, and for nearly seven months his place has been vacant. Such a vacancy is by no means unprecedented. Nine months elapsed between the death of Mr. Justice Matthews and the appointment of Justice Brewer as his successor, December 18th, 1889. Nearly nine months elapsed from the death of Chief Justice Chase to the appointment of Chief Justice Waite, January 21st, 1874. There had been a vacancy of eight months when Justice Lamar was appointed, January 16th, 1888, to succeed Justice Woods. Justice Shiras was appointed July 26th, 1892, more than six months after the death of Justice Bradley. Chief Justice Fuller succeeded Chief Justice Waite after a vacancy of four months. On the other hand, Chase succeeded Taney in just two months, and Jackson followed Lamar after a vacancy of less than one month.

There is no definite rule, and from the nature of the case there should be none. The office is of supreme importance, and the selection of the incumbent should be a matter of the gravest deliberation. Public questions like those of the tariff, the currency, and our relations with the government of Hawaii, may excite bitter discussion, and seem for the moment to assume vast proportions, but they reach their solution and pass into history. The selection of a justice of the Supreme Court, to hold his place for life, and to have a voice in the interpretation of the Constitution, may have an influence upon the destiny of the country in the remote future. And the scope of such influence cannot be foreseen. When John Marshall was appointed, five years after the beginning of the century, and Joseph P. Bradley, five years after the close of the Civil War, the wisest statesmen of the times could have had little foresight of the power they were destined to exert in shaping the political history of the United States. This is because of the fact, so forcibly stated by Attorney-General Olney in his eulogy upon Justice Lamar, that "in the scope and extent of the jurisdiction and power of the Supreme Court, as touching on the one hand the rights of every one of sixty millions of people, and dealing on the other with the collective rights of numerous populous communities and sovereign States, no court like it, or even strongly resembling it, has ever existed among men."

This is not an exaggerated statement of the scope of its powers. We have only to look back upon the history of the country during its first century to appreciate its truth. Professor Bryce declares that "it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the American Constitution as it now stands, with its mass of fringing decisions which explain it, is a far more complete and finished instrument than it was when it came, fire-new, from the hands of the convention. It is not merely their work, but the work of the judges." And Professor Burgess declares that it is the consciousness of the people that law must rest upon justice and reason, that the Constitution is the ultimate formulation of the fundamental principles of justice and reason, and that the judiciary is the best interpreter of these principles, that has given such authority to the interpretation of the Constitution by the Supreme Court. He adds that he does not hesitate to call the governmental system of the United States "the aristocracy of the robe, and the truest aristocracy for the purposes of government which the world has yet produced." And he ends his work on "Political Science and Constitutional Law" with this warning: "It rests with the lawyers and the teachers of law to determine for themselves whether they will divest themselves of their great power over the consciousness of the people; whether they will give up the commanding

influence which their predecessors have held in the making of this great republic, and which those predecessors exercised with such beneficent results to the welfare of the whole people."

For more than half a century the Presidents of the United States have been lawyers, with the exception of two, Taylor and Grant, who held the office for nine years. It may have been largely due to this fact that the Supreme Court has been kept up to its high standard. No lawyer worthy to attain the Presidency could fail to feel the force of the warning of Professor Burgess, or willingly permit himself to lower the tone of this important tribunal.

The present President is a lawyer and is charged with the duty of filling a vacancy. He has attempted, after five months' deliberation, to do so, but his selection has been disapproved by the Senate. He must make another, and the country awaits his decision with anxiety. Weighty questions of national import are suspended for his action. He made two such appointments during his former term, and they were not wholly reassuring. At the time of the death of Justice Bradley those two were the only judges, except Justice Harlan, who had had no judicial experience before their appointment. Of the eight judges now in office, five were elevated from the Bench of the State or Federal courts. Among the men who have become conspicuous for judicial ability and wise views of great national questions, the range of choice is wide.

There is no graver duty devolved upon the executive than the selection of a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and none for which he will be held to a stricter account. No personal considerations whatever should control the choice, and even considerations arising out of questions of party policy ought to be subordinated to the higher purpose of maintaining the lofty character of the tribunal. The king-maker of other days had less power over the government of his country than the American President, whose duty it is to fill the ranks of our "aristocracy of the robe." If the man whom Mr. Cleveland now selects for the Bench shall prove worthy to carry on the work of Marshall and Bradley, it will be remembered in his honor long after his failure as queen-maker in Hawaii, which has engrossed him so much during the long vacancy, has been forgotten.

The Police Department.



HIKE substantial progress is being made toward a purification of the police department of this city, it is obvious that no thorough and complete reform will be possible so long as Tammany remains in practical control of this branch of the municipal service.

Recent revelations show very conclusively that the police authorities are not in hearty sympathy with the enforcement of the laws against vice and crime, or really solicitous for the maintenance of a high standard of integrity and efficiency in the department. Owing their positions to the favor of the Tammany chiefs, and believing that organization to be invincible, they apparently feel that they can safely defy the best public sentiment. The majority of them, indeed, seem to be wholly incapable of comprehending the significance of the recent popular uprising against their system and methods. This fact alone is conclusive as to their unfitness for the very responsible places they occupy. They ought to understand that in the present acute state of public feeling they will be held sternly accountable for their acts; that nothing short of the honest performance of their whole duty will satisfy the people, or save them from popular execration. Everybody realizes, if they do not, that it is within their power to compel a faithful discharge of duty on the part of every member of the force, from the superintendent down to the lowest official. They have supreme control. If they desired to do so they could suppress the gambling-houses, greatly curb the social evil, and largely curtail other forms of vice and immorality. They could put a stop to the system of blackmail by which officers now enrich themselves at the expense of the public morals. These things prosper because they permit them.

It is simply impossible that the present order of things should continue. Since these officials persist in their resistance to the popular demand for a vigorous enforcement of the laws, the Legislature must so reconstruct the police commission as to secure that result through trustworthy agencies. This commission should be made, as we have before said, strictly non-partisan; and its members should be representatives of the highest intelligence and the best business capacity of the community. No man who has relations of any sort with Tammany Hall or with any other partisan machine should be permitted to occupy a place on this board.

The matter of police protection is purely a business

affair, and it should be intrusted to business men, with whom the public interests would always be a matter of supreme concern. The Legislature can, by proper laws, secure this result, and in nothing can it so illustrate its solicitude for the public welfare as by enacting promptly legislation which will positively assure it without any reference at all to bargains or attempted bargains between party bosses.

Safety Appliances on Railways.



E referred in our last issue to the necessity of the introduction of approved safety appliances on the railroads of the country. This necessity has been forcibly emphasized by the recent tragedy on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, at a point in New Jersey only three or four miles from this metropolis. This railroad runs through one of the most populous regions of our sister State. At certain hours in the day its trains run with a headway of only three or four minutes. These trains, in the morning and afternoon hours, often consist of eight or ten cars, all of which are crowded. If there is any road in the country which ought to be provided with every appliance which experience has shown to be conducive to safety, it is this. But, as a matter of fact, its management has clung persistently to antiquated methods in the face of both the protests and appeals of its patrons. It is said of it in current speech that it "delays, lingers, and waits," as to the adoption of improvements of any sort, just as long as it can do so without positive odium and loss to its exchequer. The terrible loss of life on the Hackensack meadows week before last was due directly to this policy. The disaster would have been impossible if the road had been operated by the block-signal system, supplemented by the use of torpedoes. There is no question as to the financial ability of the corporation to supply the latest and most approved devices. It is one of the wealthiest of the country. Its stock rates high. Its dividends are regularly maintained. Its failure to provide adequately for the safety of its passengers can only be attributed to the penuriousness of its managers and their indifference to the rights and wishes of the public.

President Sloan, we notice, presumes to defend the failure to adopt the block-signal system, on the ground that it has not proved itself to be the best in use, and by way of vindicating the adequacy of the system in use on his road, declares that if its rules had been obeyed by the engineer of the local train which telescoped the express the "accident" would not have happened. The engineer, on the other hand, declares that he was running according to the rules, and he adds: "If I had had any sort of a signal or any warning at all I could have stopped my train in time. But there was no torpedo on the track, nor did I see any sign of a flag." This tells the whole story. Not the engineer, but the president and managers of this wealthy but proverbially mean corporation, who refuse to adopt safeguards which the best and most efficiently managed roads of the country have found to be desirable and useful, are responsible for this ghastly calamity, and no amount of special pleading can save them from the consequences of their criminal indifference to plain obligations.

It is high time that our State Legislatures should take up in earnest this subject of the safety of railway travel, and provide by necessary legislation for the protection of the millions of people to whom railways have become a necessity. Experience has demonstrated conclusively the efficiency and value of the block-signal system. Let its adoption be required by statute in every State of the Union. Railroads are the creatures of the State, and they should be compelled to recognize its authority as well in methods of operation as in other particulars. No corporation, deriving its existence from the people, should be allowed to defy public sentiment in a matter so directly concerning their welfare as that of the security of property and life.

The Troubles of Italy.



HE convulsion in Sicily is more and more attracting the attention of the civilized world to the hapless condition of the people who are in revolt. Sicily is probably the most fertile island on the globe. It has an area of ten thousand square miles, about one thousand more than the State of Maryland. But while Maryland has a population of only one million one hundred thousand, Sicily has a population of 3,250,000, closely packed together in villages and towns. The land is held in large blocks by family corporations, and is worked under the superintendence of bailiffs, whose supreme aim is to keep wages at the lowest minimum. As a result, the condition of the majority of the population, who work in the fields for a mere

pittance, is miserable in the extreme. Just now thousands are reduced to starvation. Unfortunately for the government their distress has been aggravated by the establishment of an octroi in the villages, which has increased the price of provisions. Taxation in Italy is always heavy, and the imposition of the additional tax, with the consequence stated, has, not unnaturally, inflamed the people. Their discontent found expression at first in the destruction of the octroi and other public buildings in many places, but with the spread of the agitation their naturally fierce temper asserted itself in acts of bloodthirsty fury, and it was found necessary to increase the military force in the island to forty thousand men. But even this demonstration of vigor on the part of the government has not broken the spirit of revolt, and it is now apparent that while the military may ultimately quell the prevalent disturbances, the reign of order cannot be permanently restored so long as positive measures of relief are postponed.

The difficulties of the government are intensified by the fact that the anarchist and disorderly elements in other parts of Italy have seized the opportunity to create disturbances which jeopardize its authority, and have compelled it to employ the military in the work of suppression. So widespread is the feeling of disaffection, and so audacious its manifestations, that apprehensions of a general revolution have been entertained in some well informed circles. The situation is undoubtedly a critical one, not merely because of deep-seated internal disorders, but because of the precarious condition of the foreign relations of the country, but there is no real warrant for anticipating a popular revolution. That may come, possibly, when, in the entanglements of European politics, Italy finds herself drawn into the vortex of an international conflict, but it is not possible now. The obvious present duty of the government is to deal in a large and generous spirit with the situation in Sicily, removing the causes of the existing discontent and providing for efficient and upright administration in the island, and at the same time to put down, with its strong hand, the anarchist troubles elsewhere in the kingdom. It must, too, if it would establish stability and restore prosperity, abandon its costly military and naval rivalries with France and Germany, which entail a scale of expenditure utterly beyond the nation's resources. Signor Crispi has before now shown that he possesses the qualities of genuine statesmanship; he has such an opportunity to display them now as will never come to him again; and the future of Italy may depend largely upon the use he makes of this opportune occasion.

Topics of the Week.

In securing the rejection of Mr. Hornblower's nomination as a justice of the Supreme Court, Senator Hill has scored a point in his quarrel with the President, but he has not strengthened himself with right-thinking people. Mr. Hornblower may not have measured up to the highest standard of equipment for the judicial office—though that fact is not established—but Senator Hill's opposition was not inspired by any solicitude for the elevation of the Bench; his motive was purely personal and altogether unworthy from any point of view. Mr. Hornblower had dared to express his reprobation of the official acts of Isaac H. Maynard in connection with the election frauds which secured the Democracy control of the State Senate in defiance of the popular will, and it was that fact, supplemented by his desire to humiliate the President, which provoked the antagonism of Senator Hill. He has achieved his purpose, and of course plumes himself upon his victory, but he will find that in the long run victories of this sort embody no permanent advantages.

THE debate on the Wilson Tariff bill in the House of Representatives has developed considerable Democratic opposition to some of its provisions, but the amendments adopted do not seriously change its purpose. One of the strongest Democratic speeches against the measure was made by Mr. Sperry, of Connecticut, who showed that its effect must be to embarrass the national finances, while enormously injuring many of our important industries. With a probable deficit in the treasury for the current fiscal year of seventy-five million dollars, with a complete suspension of payments on the public debt, and with the gold reserve reduced to less than eighty million dollars, Mr. Sperry maintained that it is preposterous folly to pass a bill which carries on its face a further deficit in the revenues of seventy-six million dollars, calculated upon last year's imports. Even should the proposed revenue bill produce fifty million dollars there would still remain a big deficit, and an increase of the national debt would be inevitable. He warned his party that the passage of such an act would be sure to alienate public confidence, while the act itself would be certain of early repeal, thus serving no other purpose but that of disturbing business conditions and embarrassing the national treasury. All this is true enough, but it will prove unavailing. Mr. Sperry will have to take his medicine. The only way in which he and others like him can preserve their consistency is to get out of the party whose cardinal doctrine they reject, and fall into line with that which stands squarely for their belief.



CHICO.

Mr. Crowley's Successor, Chico.

OCCUPYING the old quarters of the late Mr. Crowley is another chimpanzee, named Chico, and, judging from the popular interest manifested, his fame bids fair to outshine that of his celebrated predecessor. He certainly is the most interesting feature of the menagerie, and the crowds that daily visit his cage in the arsenal, Central Park, number some thirty thousand a week.

It is very interesting to take note of the rather remarkable expectations and prepossessions entertained by not a few of the visitors. Many, I am sure, expect him to exhibit human intelligence, and even go so far as to believe he may be taught to read and write and perform on the piano, or at the very least play foot-ball or paint pictures. When, however, the character of his essentially bestial nature becomes evident, these same visitors are apt to revert to the other extreme and underrate his real intelligence and likeness to humanity. The truth is that Chico is neither the missing link nor a mere beast; his place is at the head of the brute creation, and not at the foot of any variety of human being.

As nearly as can be ascertained Chico is nine years old, and, when he assumes an erect posture, stands somewhat over five feet in height. He was caught in central Africa when but an infant, and his capture resulted in the death of his parents. A sister of Chico was caught at the same time, but died in captivity. Little is known of Chico's history previous to his purchase by the Lisbon Zoological Gardens some six years ago. At that time he was three years of age, and so gentle and affectionate that his introduction to the keeper's family, as one of its members, became an accomplished fact.

His capers and antics in playing with the children were a constant source of amusement, and his mischievous tricks, though funny, were often very annoying. He would, for instance, steal the baby's milk-bottle, find some secluded spot, and enjoy its contents with evident relish. At the same time he was exceedingly circumspect, and never relaxed his vigilance in keeping a sharp lookout for any stray member of the family who was at all likely to compel restoration of the stolen property.

Chico would come out of hiding and assume the most innocent air imaginable when the commotion caused by his thievish act had somewhat subsided. He looked so unconcerned about the matter that he invariably had to make himself scarce for the rest of the day.

As Chico grew older he developed a very vicious and spiteful disposition, and his constant confinement became necessary. From that time he was closely guarded until his purchase by Mr. Bailey, of Barnum & Bailey's



CHICO LOOKING AT THE PAPERS.

CHICO HOMESICK.

CHICO PLEASED.

CHICO ANGRY.

HE LIKES TO BE SCRATCHED.

L. C. BEARD

THE CHIMPANZEE CHICO, THE SUCCESSOR OF MR. CROWLEY, AT THE CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE—DRAWN BY J. C. BEARD.

circus, last March. Chico was accompanied in his journey across the Atlantic by his keeper, Mr. Antonio Marquez, and for the first time experienced the delightful sensation of sea-sickness.

His present keeper, Mr. E. B. Goss, says that there is no fun in being chamber-maid to a monkey. He says: "Chico is the most exacting of masters, and will not tolerate neglect. Every morning, exactly at five o'clock, he proceeds to awaken me with a few hair-raising howls, and sends to the ceiling with prodigious force his heavy oaken trapeze-bar. It is extremely trying on one's nervous system to be awakened from a sound sleep in such a peremptory manner. My bedroom is adjoining Chico's cage, and the force of his repeated blows makes the windows rattle and causes the bed to vibrate. Thus reminded of my duties I quit my bed, and with a few soothing words comfort Chico, stroke his back or indulge him in a tablespoonful of port wine. He takes it by projecting his under lip partly through the bars, after which he usually crawls under his blanket for a short nap."

There is only one living thing that Chico seems to be afraid of, and that is an elephant. When he was removed from the box in which he was shipped from Portugal he acted in such a ferocious manner that an elephant was immediately brought in to frighten him into subjection. He had already snapped one of the iron bars of his box when the huge quadruped appeared. As soon as Chico caught sight of him he became docile and obedient, hid his face in his hands, and permitted himself to be moved without further trouble. He did not dare even to look at the big fellow. One day Chico managed to escape from his cage and caused quite a panic among the frightened employes of the circus, who, with the elephant at their head, timidly approached the place where

Chico was in hiding; but their fear for the moment was forgotten in the laughable sight of Chico with his arms around his keeper's neck, enjoying a banana.

Chico takes great delight in looking at the pictures in newspapers; it is amusing to watch him peruse a newspaper, then carefully tear the pictures out and use them for chewing-gum. When he wants anything he claps his hands, which he does frequently for something to eat. His daily diet consists of about twelve bananas, three or four oranges, lemons, lemonade ad libitum, a half-pint of port wine, coffee, eggs, and bread.

In one respect Chico resembles Lobengula, the African potentate, whose people the British are endeavoring to exterminate—that is, he objects to being photographed. He may not have the same reasons as Lobengula, but it is certain he takes a great dislike to any one who carries a camera, and it is extremely dangerous to attempt a picture of him.

Chico has a very peculiar way of trying to inspire terror in the beholder, and especially in photographers, and it is most effectual. He crouches low at the farther end of his cage, gradually rises with a swinging motion, stamps on the floor with a deafening noise as he rushes forward giving vent to the most blood-curdling shrieks and threatening to break down the strong iron bars in the mad plunge. But Chico does not always act the demon; at times he becomes very playful and dances with a motion similar to that of an animated bag of wheat trying to shake itself down.

He likes to have his hands, head and back rubbed, and it is indeed very comical to see him point with his long finger first to one spot and then to another that he wishes scratched. The sensation is evidently very agreeable, for he never tires of its repetition.

J. C. BEARD.



1. WASHINGTON ARCH AND WASHINGTON SQUARE, SHOWING THE JUDSON MEMORIAL CHURCH. 2. UNION SQUARE. 3. MADISON SQUARE.
NIGHT SCENES IN THREE NOTABLE LOCALITIES OF NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY WILLIAM HURD LAWRENCE.

THE REWARD OF BENNET.

By ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

BENNET had been in the purlieu a year, making notes for his book, when the thought came to him that he had no acquaintance with the spiritual side of the people. In the mission he heeded the speakers and watched their audiences, and believed he understood the failure of the one and the continued apathy of the other—no matter how low the order of intellect, there is a reasoning and a logic which will impress it.

The first night he talked he had not a glittering success. In a week, a girl whose companions called her Dandy Annie, openly flouted him.

Then he let the brain alone and attacked the heart. When that same girl Annie passed by him with drooping shoulders he believed he was on the right tack.

After that his book grew apace, and the mission took on a new lease of life. Often as he preached he sympathized with these creatures, who took in his true words as something never before spoken. Then there came a night when he saw a face—a woman's face—a face full of character, full of doubt. There was a little flash from her dress—front as a brooch there caught the light, and this somehow impressed him. The woman's eyes were on him, a half-smile wreathing her lips. Back of her was the girl Annie, wild of eye and staring.

He turned to another part of the room; when he looked again the woman was gone, and all he saw was that tiresome Annie.

Who was that woman? She was more than comfortably dressed, and possessing mental vigor. To be sure, well-dressed, intelligent people straggled into the mission once in a while. But this woman with the half-smile on her lips!

He waited for the next night. The woman was there. And back of her was the girl Annie.

The third night he watched his new visitor and found that the cynical smile never left her face. An impetus came to him. He had conquered nothing before—he had merely classified. He would conquer this woman.

The next night his address was for her alone. Whatever of logic, of reasoning, of histrionic ability he possessed was brought into requisition. He was dripping with perspiration when he was through. A woman had fallen to the floor. It was Dandy Annie.

A voice cold and keen made him wheel round. The smiling woman with the flash on her breast stood at his elbow. He noticed that the flashing brooch was in the shape of a cross.

"Perhaps if you were to pray," she said, "it would do her good."

He flushed to the roots of his hair.

"Why is such power given to you?" she said. "You do not believe a word that you preach."

"I am going," he answered, boldly, "to take that poor girl home."

She gave him a strange look and passed aside.

"She will come to-morrow night," he said, exultingly.

And on the morrow night she was there. She sat with Annie. The two went out together when service was over.

When a week had passed, and those two had come every night and sat together, a great fury was in Bennet. He must conquer this woman; he must make her a "believer."

His talks became remarkable. All that he knew of subtle reasoning he employed against this one woman; his exegesis might be second-hand, but he wielded it so well that at times he almost experienced the exaltation it must convey to a waiting mind.

And his effort had its reward. One stormy night this woman came in and sat grimly in her place. When service was over she went up to Bennet. He waited to hear what she should say.

"Annie goes to the country to-morrow," she said. "She is very unhappy here."

He bowed.

She stood there irresolutely. Then a smile of great sadness lighted her face.

"My name is Sarah Carmichael," she went on. "I teach in Public School No. 10. I am alone in the world—the world and I have not got on well together. I like all that is beautiful in life, and I have had little but the ugly. Coming in here one night, in one of my restless moods, I was amused. One time the amusement was replaced by another feeling. It was the night you said you were going to Annie—after I had accused you of not believing what

you preached. You have made me give my heart, my life, to God."

Bennet felt that he had reached a great height in his study of human nature. Here was a nature, strong, alert, a product of the world, which was not grateful for it. He had given it its first beauty, and possessing that beauty the tenacity of the woman's composition would never thereafter permit her to yield it up.

He leaned forward and looked her in the eyes.

"You cannot possibly change from this strength and happiness that are now yours?" he asked.

"I cannot possibly change," she answered.

"Then," he said, slowly, "I will tell you something. You were right in your first suspicion. I do not believe a word that I preach."

Over her brow, down over her cheeks, even to the soft under-neck, there spread a crimson that quickly faded away. Without a word she turned and left the room.

Bennet wrote a full chapter of his book that night, clearer of intellect than he had been in months. He considered it curiosity which took him to the mission next night to see if the woman was weak enough to come. But she never came again.

At first Bennet felt that this was as it should be. Then he felt that he had been brutal in that last interview with her. The interest seemed gone, and he would have given up the mission, only that that might have proved to Sarah Carmichael that she influenced him. If he cared so greatly for her opinion of his strength she controlled him. In what way?

A harm done to one is a harm done to society at large. Sarah Carmichael would never more believe in men, now that the one who had helped her most had deceived her, and in her doubt of men she would turn all the more to that religion which he did not accept.

All next day he was restless; he, the sociologist, recognizing the immense responsibility of the unit to the united sum not to amend the wrong he had done!

In the mission that night a woman told him that Dandy Annie was ill, and that Miss Carmichael nursed her in her own home.

He was startled to think of those two together.

Next morning he loitered near School Number 10 and saw Miss Carmichael go in. She was greatly changed—haggard, wan.

Then he went to Annie. The girl cried out in a voice of exceeding gladness when she saw him. She was plainly nearing the end. He had brought this also upon Sarah Carmichael.

He waited till she came from school. She evinced but little surprise at seeing him; she was attentive but unresponsive.

"May I come again?" he asked on leaving.

"Why should you come?" she demanded.

"All she wants is prayer for her faults, constant prayer."

That night in the mission he said, "If there is a woman here who ever loved Annie let her pray for her. She is dying."

There was no response. Then a man said:

"Why don't you pray?"

"If there is a sinful creature here," said Bennet, "let her pray for Annie."

Far off in a corner a thin voice rose:

"Lord, Thou knows what I onct was," it said, "and when I asks Thee for peace for little Annie Thou knows me in my heart and how my heart is changed. Oh, Lord, he done it—the man that asks for this prayer—he has changed it till the scarlet is tryin' to grow whiter 'n wool. Come! come to Annie!"

Bennet went to Sarah Carmichael.

"I have prayed for Annie," he said, "through a woman who says I have saved her."

"Yes?" she said, quietly.

A wild surge of feeling swept over the man—this woman was as far from him as he had placed her.

The next evening a message came to him—Annie wished to see him. She had sent for him to ask him to preach her funeral-sermon.

He went slowly, thoughtfully, to the mission. He mounted the platform; he looked down upon the mass of upturned faces, bloated, pinched, ignorant, vicious, and all expectant of him, dependent upon him.

"I am not fit to speak to you," he blazed forth. "The basest among you is better than I. The thief among you is better than I. If there is a murderer among you, he is better than I am. Pity me, and hope for me."

Then he was out in the night going to Sarah Carmichael.

"Hush!" she said, and pointed to the bed. There lay Annie like wax.

"Your name was the last word she uttered," she said.

"Will you believe," asked Bennet, huskily, "that I am contrite?"

"Contrition presupposes sin," she returned. "You cannot sin, believing as you do."

"I did nothing lightly," he responded. "I love my fellows. I lived among the lowliest in order to understand them, to write about them, and make out their case to the world. Have I hurt them? Are they lower than I found them? She came to me—that dead girl there—she learned her sins through me. She died in hope through me—"

"Hope of what?" she interrupted. "You do not believe that her hope was valid."

"Her hope was valid," he said.

"Why was it so?" she asked.

"Sarah, Sarah, I love you!" he cried out. "I love you. I have always loved you!"

She held up her hand.

"Listen to me," she said. "I have something to say to you which may add to your thought. The night I told you what you had done for me I loved you. That was before you had told me your unbelief. Now there is but one love in my heart, and that is for the One she is with now," and she pointed to that white length upon the bed. Taking from her own bosom the golden cross she wore she laid it down upon the dead girl's.

"Sarah!" he said.

"No," she returned, shaking her head.

"May I not hope?" he pleaded.

"I have much to forget," she said. "Go, please."

He turned away. Then he bethought him of Annie's request.

"Who will make the funeral address?" he asked. "I am not fit."

She looked at him dazingly.

"How fit you are, then," she said; "never so fit as now."

She closed the door on him.

Bennet looked up to the starry sky, a new awe upon him.

"May man's love lead him to heaven, as God's love brought him to earth! Is it God who creates the love to reward the love? God! Sarah!"

He did not put her name first.

A Typical Eastern Shore Oyster-Roast.

THERE is scarcely a city in the world which has greater advantages in the matter of oyster supply than the city of Baltimore.

Chesapeake Bay, with its numerous tributaries, is at this season literally alive with the boats which gather and deliver the bivalves, and the wharves of that city are daily thronged with thousands who are engaged in selling, canning, or shipping oysters, while the waters of the upper bay and the rivers surrounding the city present the appearance of a forest of masts.

Hundreds of tourists from Europe and from Canada, the Western and Northern States, stop over on their way toward the orange-groves of Florida to witness these strange sights. As a matter of course, in more than one sense these visitors take in all they can, and among other things is ordinarily a typical Eastern Shore oyster-roast.

The eastern shore of the Chesapeake Bay is considered by those who ought to know all about it as the place for oysters in matter of quantity, quality, and style of cooking. Nowhere, they say, can there be found a cook at all comparable to the faithful "old mammy" of the "East'n Sho'."

Out at Pimlico, which lies about ten miles north of Baltimore, there is a big race-track, and several times during the oyster season the members of the Pimlico Club give these big oyster-roasts in the true East'n Sho' style. On these occasions several hundred bushels of oysters are stacked up beneath the grand-stand, and near these great stacks of oysters two stone or brick walls are built. These walls are about ten feet long and four feet high. Between the walls a big grate is fastened, and over the top of this huge iron plates are laid. A fire is built of coke, coal, wood, and wet straw, which, while it burns fiercely, burns slowly. When the big iron plates become a cherry color, from the heat of the fire below, burly negro boys set to shoveling the oysters upon them, while an expert oyster-roaster and his assistant keep the oysters moving from side to side by means of long-handled iron rakes. When they are done to a nicety—and there is where the East'n Sho' cook comes in—they are raked off into baskets, which are seized steaming, and borne away by a long line

of negro boys, who, after carrying them to the big hall under the grand-stand, "shuck" them for the hungry crowd gathered at the tables.

Great tubs of celery, crackers, home-made golden butter and bread, with all other necessities of an "oyster-feed" are placed along the tables, and there is plenty of beer and ale, with lots of "stiffer stuff" for those who like it, and cigars for a wind-up. The negroes who engage in "shucking" keep up their quaint songs, while in another part of the hall a negro orchestra of the real, old, unabridged plantation sort holds the attention when the shuckers absent themselves for fresh supplies of bivalves.

Here and there an especially fine quartette of singers will gather a crowd about them, and the visitors, mounting posts, benches, and tables not in use, join the chorus, some waving canes and batons of celery to better keep the time.

Taken all in all, it is a picture full of life. Indoors, the noisy, happy throng; outside, the great roaring fire, with the big tongues of yellow flame leaping and licking at the savory pile above; the odor of burning oak and hickory mixed with that from evergreens; the long stretch of dark pines that bound the horizon; the snow-capped club-house and stables, and the great dazzling stretch of snow-covered track with the big white moon above it all. Then the crowds around the fire watching the roasting, the groups that are coming and going, laughing, chatting, singing, drinking, eating—that is a typical East'n Sho' oyster-roast.

Chicago's Winter Poor.

Solving a Difficult Problem.

CHICAGO has taught the other great cities of the country some useful lessons in the solving of the difficult problem presented by the winter's destitution. She has solved it in a characteristic Western fashion, thoroughly effective and business-like. In a Scriptural fashion, too, for the poor were hungry, and she gave them meat; strangers, and she took them in; naked, and she clothed them; sick, and she visited them. At the same time the criminal and disorderly element was so carefully watched that it was never allowed to show itself. There were no bread riots, no red flags, no threats against the law and society. And while her own deserving poor have been cared for and tramps from without turned back, the city has profited to the extent of many hundred days' labor, well and economically performed.

When winter swept down upon Chicago it found thousands of unemployed shivering in the streets, and thousands more suffering in the poor lodgings they called home. It was estimated in the middle of last December that one hundred and thirty-five thousand wage-workers of the city were idle. Of this number perhaps five per cent. were destitute. Free soup-houses were at once opened by charitable individuals and societies in different parts of the city, and a leading Jewish citizen made a free distribution of bread to all who applied. The police stations and cheap lodging-houses were crowded nightly, as thickly as a Siberian prison, with the snoring unfortunates; extra lofts were hired and thrown open, and even then, on cold nights, the late-comers were obliged to find refuge in the corridors of the city hall, where, spreading newspapers upon the stone floors or stairways, they slumbered soundly through the night. This condition of affairs produced an epidemic of splendid generosity. The churches, the Salvation Army, the Grand Army, trades-unions, and secret societies worked in their own particular fields, and did noble service in arresting the tide of suffering; theatrical and other benefits were freely given, and even the school children worked at collecting alms for the unfortunate.

At first the charity of Chicago was impulsive, but unorganized and misdirected—a splendid outburst of altruism. Chicago became the Mecca of the beggars and tramps of the country. They poured in on the roads and bent their way on passenger and freight trains. The really deserving were being crowded out by the lazy and shiftless. This led to the organization of the Central Relief Association, with T. W. Harvey as chairman and Lyman J. Gage as treasurer, and about one hundred of the active business men of the city on the rolls, divided into seventeen committees. The city was restricted, and the trades and professions were actively canvassed for subscriptions in goods and money. Work at street-sweeping was provided for over a thousand men daily, on two plans. Married men were paid one dollar per day of ten hours and men with teams \$2.75, in cash. These were worked in two shifts of five hours each. Unmarried men were put on the three-hour gangs, and paid in tickets good for supper and breakfast and a night's lodging. Extra time was paid for at ten cents per hour in

tickets. At present about twenty-five hundred men are at work daily. All donated supplies of clothing, boots and shoes, etc., were valued and sold for street work, and men who had clothing in the laundries were enabled to get it out with the useful street tickets. It is worthy of note that the character of the men assisted rapidly improved. The self-respecting workman replaced the tramp, who folded his tent like the Arab of the Midway and as silently stole away. The men were made to understand that they were not receiving alms, but were being paid for value received. No new rate of wages was established. The city employed no new men, made no change in the pay-roll. It was relief work pure and simple by a committee of citizens. Up to January 13th 27.7 miles of streets were cleaned at an expense of \$1,354, or \$59.66 per mile. Of this amount, \$663.40 went to pay unemployed laborers, and \$690.88 was expended in salaries of foremen, teaming, office rent, tools, etc. The streets have been cleaned as they never, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, have been cleaned before. The sweepings were removed by one of the railroads at a very low cost and sold for manure. A wood-yard was also operated in the same manner as the street work, and an employment bureau was established for capable men. A free bath and wash-house was opened, and another is to follow. Sub-committees of the finance committee did a good work in saving destitute families from the money sharks, in taking clothing and furniture out of pawn, paying rent, etc., and destitute and homeless children were looked after by other committees.

What the Central Relief Association aimed at, and what they practically accomplished, was the formation of a clearing-house for the charity work of a great city, utilizing everything, wasting nothing; aiding the greatest number and reducing alms to the minimum. They did not treat the unemployed as "poor," but as men. By the middle of December the free soup-houses, as such, were closed. There was no more giving away clothing or bread. But there was work for all. And there was very little begging upon the streets, and no noisy meetings of the "unemployed." Anarchy strove to raise its head, but the workingmen joined with the authorities to put it down. Regarding the subject of regular employment at contract work and in factories, the conclusions arrived at in Chicago should receive the careful attention of those statesmen at Washington who believe that they are promoting the public welfare by demoralizing business.

The part taken by the women in the relief work was no less noble and efficient than that of the men. From the Slum Sisters of the Salvation Army to the Emergency Committee of the fashionable Women's Club, they worked hand in hand in relieving distress, caring for the sick, providing homes for waifs, fitting children for school, furnishing work for women, and in offering a protecting arm to working-girls beset by poverty on the one hand and temptation on the other. The London editor who, for the sake of notoriety, addressed some of his hearers at a woman's meeting as "disreputable," was never further from the truth. The women to whom he spoke were those who earned good repute by unselfish deeds. Even in their social gatherings, their teas and balls, the society women of Chicago remembered the poor, and it was not uncommon for them to tax all participants for the benefit of the relief fund. In truth, the story of the relief work of Chicago in the winter of 1893-94 will never be fully told until the chapter of woman's work is written, and there is none competent to write it save the recording angel in heaven.

The monthly statement of Mrs. M. A. Ahrens, in charge of the Immediate Relief Station on Wabash Avenue, a charity pure and simple, shows 38,000 men and boys fed and 25,000 lodged. The total disbursements were \$789.63, and the cash donations \$1,004, beside food, clothing, etc. Unfortunately no tabulated figures are given to show the actual cost of the work done.

J. T. BRANHALL.

Federation of Woman's Clubs.

NEXT to the National Christian Temperance Union and the International Woman's Council, the General Federation of Woman's Clubs ranks in importance. It is totally different, however, in its nature from all other feminine organizations, in that it represents largely the conservative element among women, requiring no tests, religious or political. The other bodies are composed mainly of active philanthropic and reform workers and women of radical tendencies.

It is a significant sign of the times, this increased mental fire which glows from over three

hundred clubs, representing an aggregate membership of forty thousand of the most intelligent women of the United States, with no special reform to agitate, but to encourage all that is best in the moral-intellectual estimate of, and incentive to, human progress.

The specific object of the organization is social, ethical, and literary culture. It aims to



MRS. CHARLOTTE EMERSON BROWN.

bring into communication with one another the various woman's clubs throughout the world, that they may compare methods of work and become mutually helpful. Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown, of Orange, New Jersey, is president of the association. Mrs. May Wright Sewell, of Indiana, vice-president; Miss Katherine Nobles, of New Orleans, secretary; and Kate Tannatt Woods, treasurer.

It has been said that every great organization is the expression of a leading idea. The General Federation is too multiform, too many-sided, to champion any one, but within the club all the great themes are represented. Each club follows its own chosen line of study and work, and while many of its members are suffragists, temperance and reform workers, yet the dominance of any one of these ideas would mean instant disorder.

Higher education and culture are the mottoes of the federated clubs. The body is now represented by thirty-one States and two Territories and two foreign cities—Ceylon and Bombay—and it further hopes to become the source from whence the women for all great work shall be drawn. The next biennial meeting will be held at Philadelphia in May, 1894.

SALLIE FRAME TOLER.

FACE STUDIES BY STILETTO

Any applicant sending us 50 cents will be entitled to a short reading of character from a specimen of handwriting, to be sent by mail, and the monthly edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for six months, or the regular weekly edition for five weeks. \$1.00, to a minute and circumstantial reading of character, by mail, and the monthly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year, or the weekly edition for three months. \$4.00, to a character reading from any photograph desired, by mail, such readings to be considered as strictly confidential and photograph to be returned, and the full weekly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year.

Constant Benoit Coquelin, Comedian.



CONSTANT BENOIT COQUELIN.

A STRONG, resolute face. In it is expressed ambition, force of will, and a self-control which has been developed to an uncommon degree. As indicated by the brow, the mind is prompt, clear, direct, and capable. Intuitions are rapid and practical, judgment is deliberate, and there is a complete absence of narrow idea and intolerance. The eyebrows are expressive of thought, but the power of concentration and self-government which makes of this man the dramatic artist, consistent in every trait of the varied characters he portrays, may be read in the upper lip, so long and resolute as to almost mar the picturesque harmony of the countenance and the firm set, controlled mouth. Expanded nostrils express an impressionable mentality and keen perceptive powers, and the

eyes are clear of vision, wary, and ambitious, while in their depths lurks a twinkle of humor oddly belied by the serious lower face, which, however, only needs an impulse of the very ready speech to break into harmony with the merry eyes and unbend into a gravity, comic while grave, and gravely comical.

Jane Hading, Comedienne.

THERE is in this face a strong cast of sentiment, but without weakness. The eyebrows indicate the power of concentrated thought, and have in their curving finals a suggestion

of persistence and consistency. A distinct and individual personality is expressed in the nose, and in the mouth and lips a warm, impressionable temperament, susceptibility to emotion, and capacity for enthusiasm. A touch of self-appreciation lies on the cheeks, and, more strong than is superficially perceived, a great desire for the appreciation of others. A will of more than ordinary tenacity is betrayed by the long chin, low-hung angle of the jaw—a will that is best combated by a direct appeal to the ardent temperament and emotional side of the nature. The mind is clever, capable, and ready in its grasp. It is intuitively adaptable, lives in its own images, feels the emotions of its own creations, and can lose itself in an assumed personality completely and convincingly.

When Ships Come In.

JEAN, my Jean, arouse from dreaming,
For thy ship has come from sea!
From my latticed window peering,
I have watched her slowly nearing,
Till beneath the sill my roses nodded back
The news to me.
Jean, my Jean, arouse from dreaming,
For thy ship is at the quay!

Jean, the worn face of thy mother
Is obscured with happy tears;
And thy sturdy brothers, flinging
All their gladness into singing,
Mix their voices with the water's as it rushes
On the piers.
Jean, my Jean, arouse from dreaming—
'Tis the day that crowns the years!
Jean, they say thy ship is laden
With the treasures brought from far;
That the caravans, slow winding
Thro' the sand and sunshine blinding,
Bring thee jewels red as Arab's blood, or
White as desert star.
Trinkets twisted out of silver,
Savage gold in rudely bar.

There the bales of pungent spices
Breathe of gods unknown to me;
Lustrous silks that well were woven
On the shining looms of Heaven—
All are thine! We near the harbor. Kiss
me, Jean, for I've may be
Drifting outward in the shadow
Of thy ship that comes from sea!

FLORENCE MAY ALT.

Our Foreign Pictures.

MUTTON FROM ALGIERS.

FEW people breakfasting in the gay capital of France on a dainty and succulent *côtelette d'agneau* give a thought to its distant origin or the peregrinations of the lamb whose kismet it was that man should dine. Far away on the sunny hillside of Algiers, in the heart of a fertile country, sheep-raising is pursued as an industry which is almost an art. Choice breeds are cultivated, and minute care is lavished upon the flocks by bronzed and sinewy Algerians, picturesque in their wild freedom. Many months before they are ready for the market the sheep are started toward the coast in small bands. The country is rich and wild, and as they journey slowly the flocks graze by the way, arriving fat and unwearied near the seaports. A few at a time, that the market may not be glutted, they are driven in for sale. These native markets are picturesque, but the most characteristic scene takes place in the early dawn, when the little travelers are driven on board the ship waiting to convey them across the Mediterranean, which is to them as the river Styx. On shipboard they are carefully separated into groups of a score each. The pens are in the hold of the ship, and ventilation is difficult. Skilled shepherds watch day and night, and animals suffering from lack of oxygen are hoisted on deck and tenderly handled to keep them in the choice condition in which they left their native shores. Asphyxia is the enemy which must be fought in the transit. In their arrival,

and after a few days of rest, their value is from eighteen to twenty francs per head in ordinary grades, and choice specimens bring fancy prices. It is an industry of which little is known, but which has, however, a certain importance, as in the year 1893 four hundred thousand sheep were imported into France.

LIFE IN WEST AFRICA.

We give among our foreign pictures two illustrations from the London *Graphic* of life and customs in West Africa. The recognized and most comfortable means of locomotion is the "hammock"—simply a hammock swung on a pole and covered with an awning, and carried by four bearers. When going to a palaver, which is a frequent occurrence in Cape Coast, a chief journeys in state, arrayed in all his glory, with the inevitable umbrella held over him by a slave. The umbrella is a very gaudy affair, having all the colors of the rainbow, and is more a badge of rank than a protection to the swarthy features of the chief. Each chief is accompanied by his band of tom-toms and reeds. Dancing is a favorite amusement of the natives, who often keep it up all night long.

Improvements in Bicycles.

SOME time since, FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY addressed to Mr. A. H. Overman, president of the Overman Wheel Company, at Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, and Mr. Albert A. Pope, president of the Pope Manufacturing Company at Boston, a request for their views upon the following subjects: As to the speed likely to be attained by bicyclists in racing during 1894; whether, in their opinion, any invention will be made next season looking to the assistance of running bicycles up hill; and also what stage has been reached in the manufacture of aluminum wheels. In response to these inquiries we have the following interesting statements. Mr. Overman writes under date of January 8th:

"DEAR SIR:—In reply to your request I will briefly say that I believe the speed of bicycles will be increased during the coming year, owing to the improvement in machines;

"That no invention will be made for the purpose of running bicycles up hill. This is not



A. H. OVERMAN.

needed. The best means of propulsion can be found in every one's legs, and the more they are used the better for the legs—always ready, and not liable to get out of order if constantly used;

"Aluminum is not at present valuable in bicycle making. It does not possess the requisite strength to make it strong. It must be alloyed. This makes it heavy, when it loses any advantage it might have had on account of lightness. Any casting of aluminum alloys is sure to be troublesome, as cast metal is always of uncertain strength and durability. The use of cast metal is years behind in cycle making.

"Very truly yours, A. H. OVERMAN."

Mr. Pope's reply enters more fully into the consideration of the questions propounded, and is as follows:

"DEAR SIR:—After considering the different questions put to me, I would say that it seems impossible to predict the ultimate development of the bicycle, because mechanical science is infinite in its capabilities.

"Even when we may have perfected our race-track and the training of riders and the details of construction of our bicycles, some radically new invention may suddenly spring up and confound our calculations. Four years and a half ago we looked for little further development of speed in cycles, and yet the pneumatic tire suddenly appeared, and in consequence the record has fallen over half a minute in the mile.

"There is no prospect of startling changes in
(Continued on page 75.)



THE FIRST SKATE.



CLEARING SNOW FROM THE LAKE.



OUT FOR FUN.



SNAP-THE-WHIP.



STYLE IS EVERYTHING.



GOING IT ALONE.



A POPULAR STYLE OF SKATING.



FRIENDS IN NEED.



DOING THE "OUTER EDGE."



"WELL, BY GOSH!"

THE RECENT COLD SNAP IN NEW YORK CITY—SKATING AT VAN CORTLANDT LAKE.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.



THE PERILS OF TRANSATLANTIC NAVIGATION—A CATTLE-SHIP IN A STORM AT SEA.—DRAWN BY FRANK H. SCHILL.

The exportation of American cattle has grown within a few years to large proportions. American beef is now found in all the principal markets of Great Britain and the continent, and the consumption is steadily growing. A fleet of vessels is employed in the transportation of cattle, and these are fitted up with special reference to the comfort and safety of their living freight; but it not infrequently happens that in heavy storms at sea a good part of the cargoes are lost overboard, while great suffering is entailed upon the cattle in confinement. One such incident, recently described in the public prints, is depicted in our illustration.



Two Against Five Hundred.

By Henry Willard French.

SOME one had made a mistake. "Some one had blundered."

We were forcing our way through the enemy's country in three divisions, under orders to locate a fort a hundred miles inland.

Late one afternoon our signal corps returned from a lookout and reported that the central division was throwing up earth-works upon high land about fourteen miles away, and that they expected some sharp fighting.

Lively times are what a war correspondent is after, and I resolved to cross that fourteen miles before morning, and join the central division, where I really belonged.

The first eight miles or so were without incident. Now and then a shadow appeared, moving among the trees, but nothing more till I was suddenly brought to a stand by the sharp yelp of a young lion as he leaped upon an antelope, sleeping in a mossy hollow some fifty feet beyond. I was still among the trees, but a moment later should have stepped out into the open space, and if the whelp had waited a minute he would have found me right in range.

As I stood listening to the scurrying feet of the rest of the deer starting off there was another yelp and another. They were not like the earth-shaking roar of an old lion, but more like the savage snarl of a large dog many times magnified.

It was evidently a family of young lions that had been set adrift by the old folks while they brought up another litter: or possibly the parents might be close at hand, denying themselves, for once, while they gave the youngsters a sort of kindergarten in the art of marketing. In that case it would be more than life was worth to interrupt the harmony of the occasion by attempting to pass within sight or sound of them.

There was no great cause for haste, and I decided to take advantage of the tree beside me and make myself at home upon a safe perch. I was none too quick. The air was suddenly split, and the forest shook, with a crashing roar. It was not light enough to see distinctly, but it was evident that the old gentleman (or some other old gentleman) proposed to take possession of the prizes, and with sharp, squealing cries of disappointment the young fry decamped.

I made myself as comfortable as possible, braced where I could not fall, and after a long struggle fell asleep.

With a start, I woke. It was almost sunrise. And hark! That was no lion. As sure as fate it was the rattle of a native war-drum, the hum of voices, and the crunching of feet. I looked down into the open space. A dozen or more native warriors were there, preparing to build a fire, and others were constantly appearing. Then the drummers came in sight and the main body after them. As nearly as I could count there were fully five hundred. They were preparing for breakfast. It made me ravenously hungry. Every muscle in me ached, but I hardly dared to move.

Many of them were well armed. I was not near enough to catch a syllable, for they spoke in a low tone, unusual as it is among natives. Evidently they were impressed with the gravity of their mission. Undoubtedly it was an attack upon the earth-works, a few hours' march away. After their morning devotions and breakfast they would start for the attack. If I waited till they moved on I should be behind them all day, a position which might prove decidedly disagreeable. If I could get ahead of them and warn our forces it would be an advantage to them and fix a feather in my own cap, too. I resolved to try.

Reaching a large branch that stretched out into the jungle, away from the open, I crept out upon it till it sagged lower and lower. If it broke I was gone; but it did not break, and at last I let myself down till my feet came within two yards of the soft, spongy earth. Then I dropped.

The romance was all gone. There had been a certain amount of pleasure in the trip the night before. It was a grave question of life and death now; but I reached the earth-works at last, faint with hunger, almost ready to die of thirst, and thoroughly worn out from a night in the tree and a race of two hours and a half through the soft and tangled jungle.

The camp was wonderfully well located,

crowning a low hill that apparently rose from a river-bank upon the other side, formed of clear splintered rock. It was difficult climbing the cone at the best, and at one point the only practical approach was through a narrow cut between the ledges. Even in my desperate condition I noticed, with pride, the yawning mouth of a cannon lined down that defile. But there was no challenge, no shout of welcome even, as I clambered up the bank and floundered down upon the other side, literally plump in the face of a bronzed old English gunner, who was evidently sound asleep till I appeared. He was the only mortal in sight!

"Where's the rest of you?" I gasped, looking about.

"And if you come from the left wing, sir, I'd be better to say where is the rest of you?" he replied, rising and looking down the hill in a bewildered way.

It was some minutes before we fully understood each other and our circumstances. It appeared that the commander had selected this spot for the fort and begun operations, when reports came of a native stronghold two days

we gathered a half-dozen rifles each, and took the positions which had been prepared for the sentry, where loop-holes had been left in the wall. Still further along we arranged our caps on sticks so that they would show above the wall and help us out.

My first glance through the loop-hole showed me a native, armed with a long-barreled, square-butt gun, creeping stealthily along under cover of some rocks, making for my hat. Two others were following close behind. Crouching on one knee, the foremost fellow leveled at my vacant hat. That is an indignity which one instinctively resents as emphatically as if the gun were pointed at his head. The two behind him lay along the rock, each with a broad grin, waiting for the effect, when I fired.

The fellow sprang nearly five feet into the air, with one yell, and dropped upon his back. The grin disappeared from the others as they scrambled to their feet to run, but the gunner dropped one of them, and before the other was well started I caught up a fresh rifle and took him in the back.

We waited ten minutes in absolute silence. Then there was a shrill cry from the jungle and the whole mass of underbrush bordering the hill seemed wriggling with life.

Out they came, leaping, yelling, firing, brandishing clubs, guns, rifles, lances, and starting for a grand native dash up the hill. Some few of them leaped along the rocks, but most of them followed the easier path up the ravine,



"THE OLD GUNNER WITH HIS POWERFUL GUN."

the north, where the warriors were massing. Wishing to hold the position selected, he had signaled us to come and stand guard while he moved north two days, did some sharp fighting, and returned. It was only a slight error somewhere in the signal service, but the result of it was that the old gunner and myself were left alone to face the five hundred savage warriors I had seen at breakfast, in defense of the camp and a mass of luggage and ammunition which had been left behind, or to desert it and run, in the hope of saving ourselves.

"We can't retreat, for we've no place to go to; but we might hide somewhere till the boys come back," I suggested as a feeler, to find where the gunner stood.

"And give up the gun?" the old man asked in astonishment that was most significant and satisfactory. "She's a powerful one," he added, laying his rough hand tenderly upon the cannon.

"Well, we will not desert her while we live," I replied. "Just give me a gallon of water to drink and a bone to chew, and I'm with you to the end."

Before I had finished eating we heard the rattle of the war-drum. The cannon was loaded to do its best. Ten feet away, on either side,

which gradually massed them more and more closely in the defile before the cannon.

From the moment they appeared I saw the folly of the course we were following, and not being so ready as the old gunner to die in defense of a cannon, I heartily wished I had taken myself away.

"Wait till she speaks," he muttered, standing by the gun. "Then we'll go for them as are outside with the rifles."

The few that we could kill out of that multitude would matter little at the best. Our lives would not be worth a straw, either way, when they reached us, so I accepted his advice and patiently watched and waited. The howls were something frightful. The whole gorge was now one solid mass of frantic savages, just civilized enough to use a gun; but the old man stood there as calm and stolid as a rock. One would have thought that he had the whole detachment at his heels, and even then that he was a brave man. One hand rested on the cannon, the other on his hip, till the black fiends were within a hundred feet of us.

"Now then, old girl!" he muttered, and the cannon crashed with a thunder that for an instant seemed like a broadside.

Quick as thought the old man sprang from

the gun to the loop-hole and caught up one of the rifles. It called me to myself, and without waiting to see the effect of the shot I opened fire. There were six rifles lying beside me. Five of them did good execution, but by the time that I caught up the sixth there was not a living native in sight, except one poor wounded fellow who was dragging himself toward the bushes. I had not the heart to fire at him.

"You'll have to help me, sir, to fill her up," said the gunner, and as I came to his aid he added, "I told you she was powerful."

"Powerful!" I looked down the ravine and drew back with a shudder of horror. If I were to try to report the scene it would not be believed. The cannon had simply been packed, loaded with bullets. The range was less than a hundred feet and down hill. The effect? Wriggling, squirming, groaning, torn and bleeding, or still in death, lay one mass of naked savages.

Yes, we would fill her up again. With such a thing as that to help us there was hope, after all, even for two against five hundred.

Then we reloaded the rifles and sat down again to wait.

If the gunner himself had suggested retreating then, I should have refused. It was worth one's while to stand in the defense of such a gun as that.

"They'll be back for more in a minute, but it's welcome they are," muttered the gunner; and we waited. But they did not come back in a minute.

We waited in fear and trembling all day and all night and the next day. They did not come back at all.

Why, we never could learn. It did not matter. The important fact was that they did not come back and that we held the fort. And if ever again I am pitted as one of two against five hundred—which heaven forbid—I sincerely hope that the other one may be the old gunner with his powerful gun.

Prize Winners.

Silver bracelet—Fannie Winton, 44 State Street, Hackensack, New Jersey.

Silver pencil—Jacob Marcuson, 901 John Street, Elmira, New York.

Honor Roll.

M. J. Phillips, Katharine Stearns Haskell, Henry Watson, Jacob Stutz, Jennie Morren, Annie M. Jennings, Edith E. Lawson, Myrtle White.

Prize Answers.

1. Sir Walter Raleigh brought the first English colony of importance to America in 1584, having received a grant of land from Queen Elizabeth.

2. The "Virginia Company" of London granted to Virginia, in 1618, a "Great Charter," under which the colonists were allowed a voice in the making of their own laws. This was the beginning of free government in America.

3. The Pilgrims fled from religious persecution first to Holland and from thence to America. They sought "freedom to worship God."

4. The Puritans, Dutch, Huguenots, Quakers, and others.

5. The Indians were disposed to be friendly, but, the settlers failing to keep faith on several occasions, they became hostile and a horrible period of pillage, massacre, and barbaric torture followed.

Prize Offer.

For girls, a silver pen-handle.

For boys, a pair of silver sleeve-buttons.

To be awarded for the most correct and carefully-prepared answers to the following:

Prize Questions—Second Series.

UNITED STATES HISTORY.

1. Having amassed some wealth, what means did the colonists employ to secure a servant class?

2. State some of the curious laws and usages in force in the colonies.

3. What led to the colonial wars with France? Name the leading commanders on both sides and state general results.

4. What were the elementary causes of the Revolution, and what led directly to the Declaration of Independence?

5. Name a few of the leading battles of the Revolution, and state results.

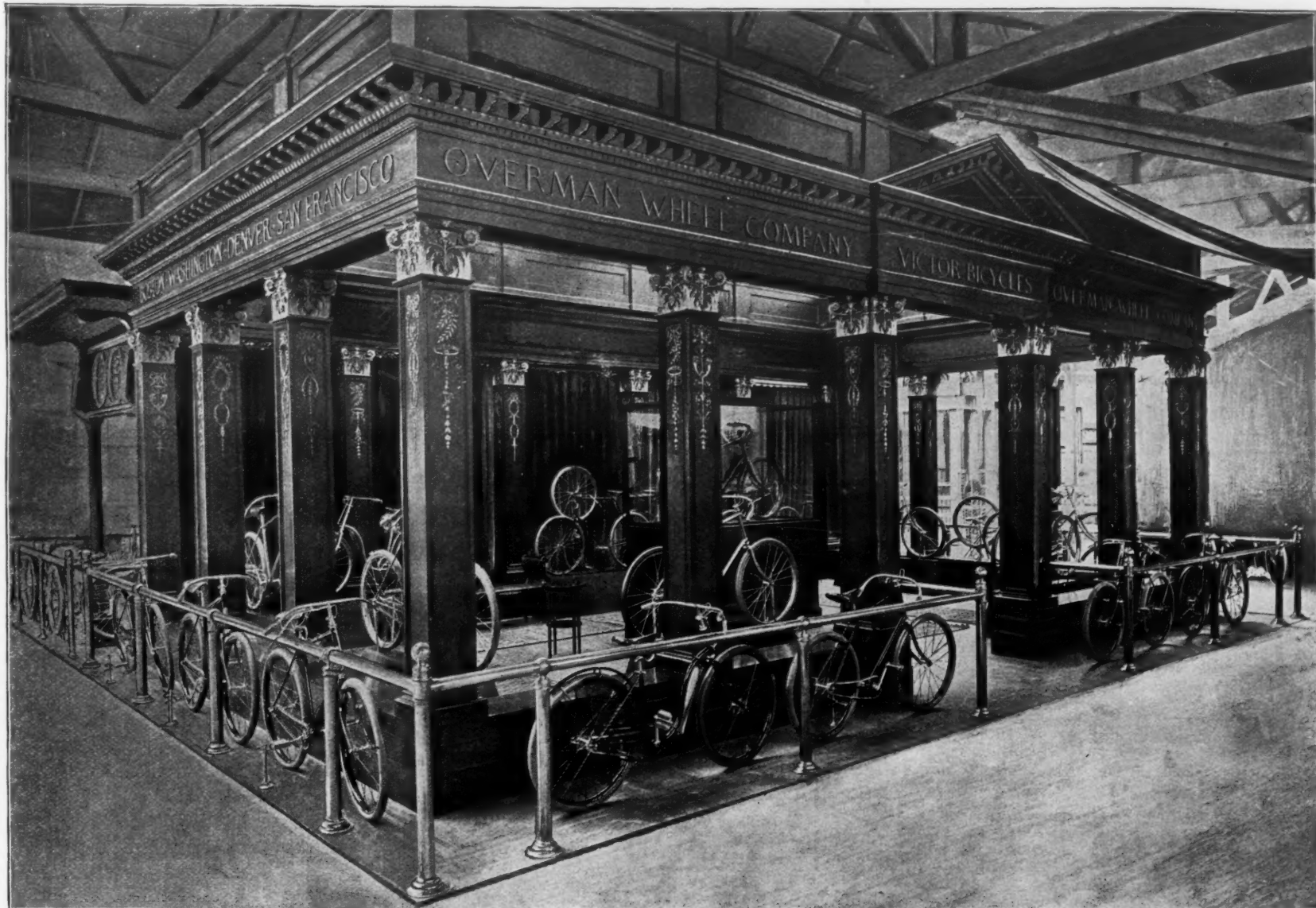
6. How did George Washington demonstrate to the people his fitness to be the first President of the United States?

Answers should be sent in on or before February 13th, and should be addressed care Children's Department, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

To this competition all are invited.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola compound by mail to all sufferers from asthma who send name and address on a postal-card. A trial costs you nothing.



THE EXHIBIT OF THE OVERMAN WHEEL COMPANY, OF CHICOPEE FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS, AT THE RECENT "CYCLE" EXHIBITION IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.

Improvements in Bicycles.

(Continued from page 71.)

bicycles in 1894, but there is a margin of promise of greater speed.

"We are making constantly some little improvements in the details of construction of machines. The tread is now made a little narrower, and is apparently improved for perfect leg-action. We are constantly studying such questions as the exact relations of balls to their bearings and of bearings to the balls. We are trying to put even more microscopic finish and accuracy in all wearing surfaces. We make decidedly better tubing for 1894 than we could get for 1893, and save some weight and gain a great deal of strength therein, and greater strength brings greater rigidity, and this brings a little more speed. The past year's valuable experiment with saddles will result in our giving somewhat better seats for 1894, and this will aid the rider.

"We recognize the race-track as a great school for the bicycle constructor. The racing-machine exacts the most in results and gives the least margin in construction of any mechanical apparatus in use. A racing bicycle must do its work subject to great strains, at high velocity, and yet must come under twenty pounds weight.

"The improvements I have suggested in the details of machines for 1894 may take off fractions, if not whole seconds, from previous records. Again, tracks may be improved, and with better curves, better surface, and better banking, there will be a chance for better records.

"A third course is to be considered, namely, the more thorough training of racers and pace-makers in their work together on the track. We have never had, in this country, the thorough discipline of pace-making which obtains in England. The nervous and muscular tension of a racer, at high speed, are immense. Slight irregularities of pacers in dropping out or in coming in before a racing man affect him seriously. If pacers slow up at all, or sprint away from the racer by even a few feet, it wears upon him and reduces his speed. The fastest mile ever made in competition was Sanger's world's record of 2 minutes 8 3-5 seconds, at Springfield, in September, 1893; but Johnson, with horse and quadruplet pacing and a flying start, did his mile in November last, at Independence, in 1 minute 55 3-5 seconds; an extreme difference

of 12 3-5 seconds, or more than five hundred feet, in the mile. If thorough training of pace-makers can be had we may reasonably look to see the 1894 record drop, in a flying mile, close to 1 minute 50 seconds, and with all known improvements in machines, tracks and training, the flying mile must eventually come lower than this. Further, it is quite possible that our best riders are not yet known. Experienced observers look for a competition mile during the coming year in 2 minutes 4 seconds, or 2 minutes 5 seconds.



A. A. POPE.

"Long-distance racing is subject to many vicissitudes. The hour's record is over twenty-six miles. The average per mile is so high that not very much improvement can be expected in 1894.

"The same is true of the 100 miles, which now stands at 4 hours 21 minutes. Twelve hours count a record of 234 miles, and the day's record is 426 1/2 miles. This latter record may go higher when we consider the margin between it and the twelve-hour record.

"Various contrivances have been used to assist in hill-climbing. One double-speed gear dates back some twelve or fifteen years, and two are now on the foreign market. They give a high gear and speed for level roads and low gear and power for bad roads and hills, but are not a

success, as they add materially to the cost of the bicycle, increase its weight nearly three pounds, and add a little complication to its machinery. There is a possibility of a simpler apparatus for this purpose, but none is likely to become generally known in 1894.

"Aluminum has been experimented with for years, and exhaustively. It is a poor metal as we now know it. It is light, and does not tarnish, but it is not strong, and cannot be well joined in parts by any known process of soldering or brazing. Alone it is nearly worthless for average machinery, and its alloys with steel and other metals have been unsatisfactory. They do not attain to the strength of steel until they practically reach its weight. The best commentary upon aluminum, as a metal for machinery, is found in the fact that many hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended in experimenting with it, and not one machine is on the market to-day which approximates the strength of steel combined with the lightness of aluminum. Yours truly, ALBERT A. POPE."

An Elegant Exhibition Pavilion.

THE interest which is felt by the general public in everything relating to the development of the bicycle was well illustrated by the large attendance at the great "cycle" exhibition at Madison Square Garden, January 8th to 13th. All classes of the community were represented among the visitors. One of the most attractive features of the exhibition, in which the interest of visitors largely centred, was the beautiful pavilion of the Overman Wheel Company, makers of the celebrated Victor bicycles. Here the entire line of 1894 Victors was tastefully arranged for exhibition, and courteous attendants stood ready to impart the merits of the Victor wheels.

Besides exhibiting a full line of finished bicycles, the Overman Company also had a large number of forgings of the various parts which, after the expenditure of much labor and skill, go to make up a finished machine. Here was a hub in the rough, there a sprocket, and so on throughout. The Overman Wheel Company make but one grade—the best—and the display of forgings went to prove that only the best material obtainable is used in Victor construction.

A word about the pavilion will be timely, as it is to be on exhibition again at the Philadelphia cycle show from January 29th to February 3d. This beautiful structure is the same one that graced the Transportation building at the World's Fair. It is in the style of the Italian Renaissance, the pillars and fittings being a rich, solid mahogany, adorned on capital, cornice and frieze with a chaste design in gold. The furnishings are in mahogany and Spanish leather, and the rugs and draperies harmonize in tone with the rich artistic red of the tropic wood. In all there is richness and taste and a severe avoidance of ostentation. But this beautiful pavilion is only the husk; the kernel is the bicycle; and the display of bicycles is ample without being bewildering, and without those aids and arts that serve to make the wheels secondary and subordinate to their decoration.

The Overman Wheel Company, with characteristic New England honesty, exhibits the same machine that it offers for sale everywhere. The machine must sell upon its intrinsic merits, upon its strength and durability, upon its actual superiority to other wheels, and not upon any special additions that a fair exhibit may show.

The Overman Company makes only a high-grade bicycle, the "Victor" and the "Victoria," and as it is the only company in the country that makes every detail that enters into the wheel within its own factory, it can guarantee its work as being the very best that American skill, knowledge, and ingenuity have so far produced. Its wheels are made for work and not for exhibition; they are designed to give speed, pleasure, and comfort to those who ride them, and not for the professional expert, who rides for records and for gain. Hence the Overman Company's wheels are acknowledged to be the best, as they are the highest priced, in the market; and it is an old saying, and a true one, that the best is always the cheapest.

The Victor family for 1894 comprises six graceful models, including road and racing wheels and the ladies' Victoria. These wheels range in weight from thirty-three to eighteen pounds.

The Overman Company's new invention, the resiliometer, which attracted such widespread attention at the New York show, is used to test the resiliency of pneumatic tires. All tests thus far prove the Victor pneumatic tire to be the most resilient tire on the market.

Cod-fishing on the Labrador Coast.

SINCE the days when the Cabots first sighted the snow-covered peaks and ice-bound coast of Labrador, its forbidding shores have been rarely visited except by fishermen, enthusiastic explorers, and scientists. Its few settlements are all upon the coast, generally in some sheltered fiord, presenting in the summer a sight that is indeed picturesque, but in the winter a forbidding spectacle of despair and desolation.

With the exception of a few permanent villagers in the extreme southern part, the population of the peninsula is composed of Esquimaux, missionaries, agents of the Hudson Bay Company, with a small number of hardy settlers, who are left to care for the deserted homes of the absent fishermen. Here these people spend the dreary months of winter in their peat houses covered with many feet of snow, cut off from all communication with friends in distant lands, waiting patiently for the cheery whistle of the mail-boat, which is the harbinger of spring and the return from mere existence to a few weeks of true life.

The great product of Labrador is its fisheries. Strip it of its marine products and you have left nothing but mosquitoes and a barren waste. In its fisheries, which amount annually to many hundreds of thousands of dollars, it is easy to see what has been the bone of contention in past years between England, France, and the United States.

The business of catching fish is carried on for the most part by the large and enterprising houses of Scotland, with their branch offices in Newfoundland. Each house has its dependents whom it furnishes in the spring with food, apparatus, and boats necessary to obtain a catch. In the fall the accounts are settled. If the season has been a remunerative one the house obtains an

These sides, which are made of strong netting, are connected at the bottom by a flooring of netting, the whole extending from the buoys at the surface to very near the bottom. From the square inclosure thus made a net is strung to the shore, where it is fastened, generally at the foot of some perpendicular cliff, to serve the purpose of a leader. The fish in their passage to and from the harbor encounter this leader, and in trying to pass around it enter the trap which they try in vain to leave. The average number of fish captured at one haul of the trap is fifty quintals in a good season, and as two hauls are made in a day the profits are large, especially when the fish sell, as during the past season, at from three dollars and fifty cents to four dollars per quintal.

The method of pulling the trap is very interesting. A large boat, capable of carrying forty quintals of fish, manned by six hands, is moored to one corner of the trap, and the work of undermining begun, the object being to force the fish into one corner, that they may the more easily be transferred to the boat by the dip-net.

Beginning at this corner, the bottom and sides of the net are pulled gradually to the sides of the boat, as each new hold reaches the gunwale the preceding one being let go. In this way the fish are gradually forced into the corner, from which they are transferred to the boat. Oftentimes the sag of the net becomes caught on the bottom of the boat, which is then literally aground on a shoal of cod-fish. When the catch of fish is too large for the boat to carry to the cleaning-house a bag is fastened to the top line of the net and the fish forced into it,



Summer homes of Labrador fishermen.

spring, long before the ice has released its grip on the shore, the fishermen are speeding northward to the rocky coast of Labrador, each captain with his eye grimly fastened on a favorite piece of territory which he knows from past experience will be very liberal to him who first plants his trap within its limits. The race is one for the very existence of the competitors, and is attended often with the greatest hazard. Time and again do the hardy mariners butt the ice-flow with their slender prows, until at the end of a week the ice parts slightly, letting in a favored one, only to close the same night, shutting out countless others who may be even in sight of their more fortunate rival.

The rights of position do not hold over from year to year, and the fortunate man is he whose vessel is swiftest, and whose complete knowledge of the treacherous coast enables him to hazard risks which his less-skilled neighbor dares not undertake.

The Labrador cod are much smaller in size than those obtained by our fishermen on the Grand Banks, and in addition to the rock species a variety of the Greenland cod is caught, much the same in size but with a mottled skin.

Three grades are recognized by the dealer at Battle Harbor, Newfoundland cod holding the first place, Straits of Belle Isle cod the second, and Labrador cod the third; but in the European markets, where for the most part these fish go, it is needless to say that all are sold under the head of first quality.

From the different collecting ports on the Labrador coast the cured fish are re-shipped in huge steamers across the ocean to the consumers on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean. Great ingenuity is shown by the agents of the different houses in trying to find out where the cargoes are going, each hoping by the use of such knowledge to be able to anticipate the other in reaching the markets.

It is the general practice now to send the steamers to the rock of Gibraltar for sealed instructions, which method utterly defeats the most ingenious attempts of rival companies to learn the destination of the outward-bound vessel.

The life of one of these fishermen is a hard and dangerous life, yet it is not without its attractions. Magnificent scenery is always present to delight the eye, flanked oftentimes by huge icebergs standing like grim sentinels at the base of a perpendicular cliff towering to the height of eight hundred feet. The summer climate is delightful, warm but not

sultry, and a comfortable night's rest on shore, after a hard day's work on the water, is not the least of the inducements.

The Newfoundland fisherman has left his native waters to the mercies of the foreigners, and spends his summer months among the icebergs of Labrador, some of the more venturesome ones going as far north as Cape Chidley, the northernmost point of the peninsula. The winter storms begin on this coast by the first of October, and only the more hardy or more unfortunate ones are found in these waters at that time. The most of them have returned to their Newfoundland homes to enjoy during the winter the fruits of the season's work, and to await the coming of another spring, when they will again set out on their annual race, from which, alas! too many never return.

WALTER R. HUNT.



FISHING-VESSELS IN A STORM OFF THE COAST OF LABRADOR.



Huts on Labrador Coast.

ample return for its investment; but if, as often happens, the season has been for some reason an unprofitable one, the house stands its loss, patiently looking to another year to reimburse it for its previous unprofitable outlay. Very little money ever passes into the hands of the catchers of the fish. It is a matter of barter wholly, and the balance of credit is always on the side of the house. Yet with its manifest disadvantages the system is a great practical help to the fisherman himself, since it frees him from direct competition in the large markets, and guarantees him a home and means of support, which if left to himself he might often lack.

The method of catching the fish differs from that employed by any other people except the Scandinavians. It was introduced from the Norwegian coast over twenty years ago, and first put into operation off the shores of Newfoundland near St. John's. There it was so successful that trap-fishing is now employed along the whole Labrador coast. The trap consists of an immense well built in the form of a square, measuring eight fathoms on a side,

where they remain until the next day, when they are taken at a special trip.

A well-equipped trap costs four hundred dollars, and when badly torn or, as is sometimes the case in a storm, lost altogether, necessitates an additional hardship on the unfortunate owner. At each heavy blow or storm the traps are taken up to guard against possible disaster, but oftentimes the storm comes up too suddenly to admit of this precaution, and total destruction of the trap ensues. The fishermen, however, are adepts at mending the net, and a needle and twine are indispensable to a well-equipped boat.

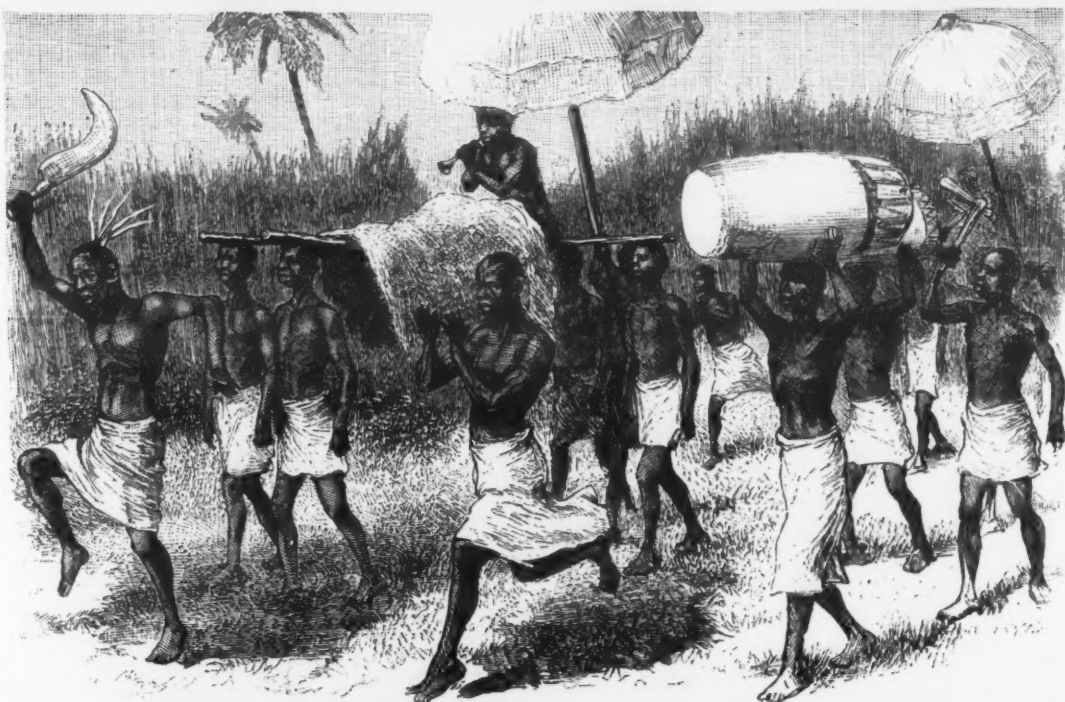
The advantage in this means of fishing, as regards the safety of persons and property engaged, over the American method of banking can be easily seen. The vessels remain securely anchored in a safe harbor, while the men live either on board or in

comfortable huts on shore, making trips twice each day to their traps. No danger here from storms, fogs, or the ocean greyhounds, the swift messengers of death to so many of our hardy Cape Ann fishermen. Comfortably housed on shore, the fisherman laughs at the howling gale outside, and contentedly waits for the coming of a calmer and a brighter day.

In the pursuit of this industry the law of the survival of the fittest is followed to the letter, and priority of possession is the only right held sacred. Each



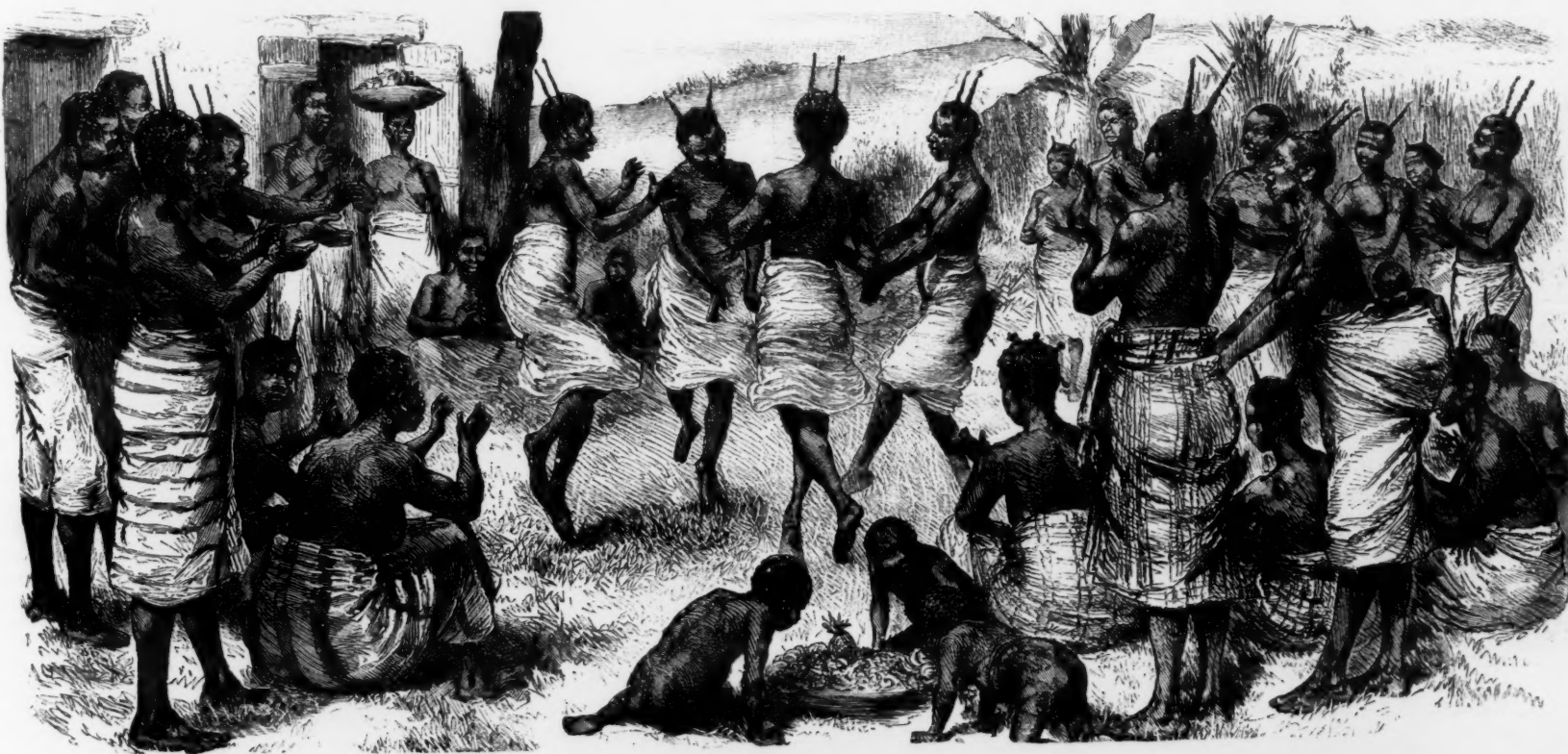
Fishing boats at anchor Harbor of the Rugged Islands



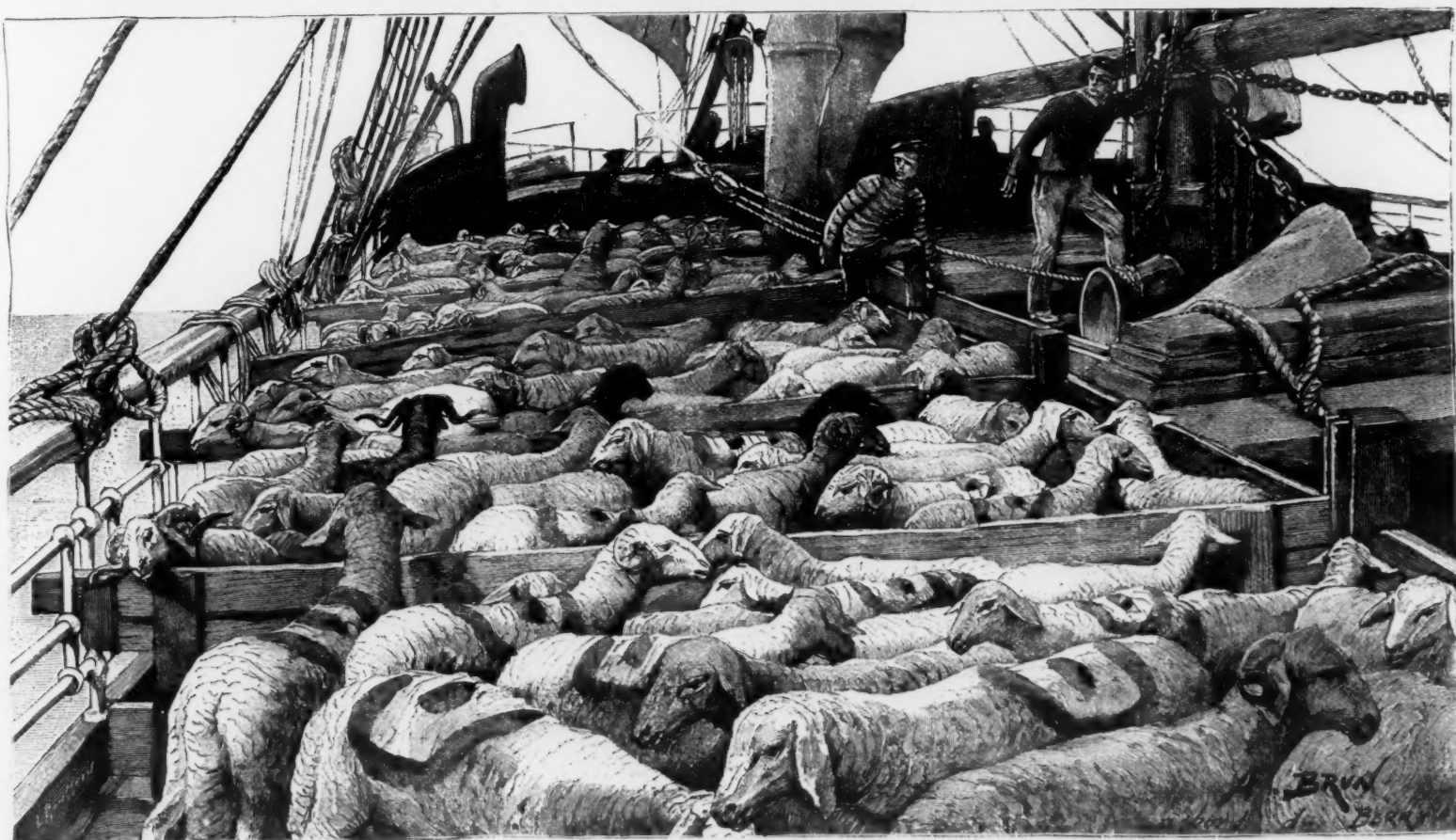
LIFE IN WEST AFRICA—CARRYING A CHIEF TO A PALAVER.



VAILLANT, THE CONDEMNED ANARCHIST.



WEST AFRICAN SOCIETY LIFE—A NATIVE GIRLS' DANCE IN SIERRA LEONE.



THE MEAT SUPPLY OF FRANCE—IMPORTATION OF MUTTON FROM ALGERIA.

THIS CURIOUS THING



Is a Sweat or Excretory Gland.
Its mouth is called a PORE.
There are 7,000,000 in the human skin.
Through them are discharged many impurities.
To close them means death.
Sluggish or clogged pores mean yellow, mothy skin, pimples, blotches, eczema.
The blood becomes impure.
Hence serious blood humors.
Perfect action of the pores
Means clear, wholesome skin,
Means pure blood,
Means beauty and health.

Cuticura Resolvent

Exerts a peculiar, purifying action upon the skin, and through it upon the blood.
Thus its cures of distressing humors are speedy, permanent, and economical.
Like all of the CUTICURAS, it is pure, sweet, gentle, and effective. Mothers and children are its warmest friends.

Bad Complexions

Sluggish action of the pores also causes the complexion and skin to become dark, yellow, oily and mothy, giving rise to pimples, black-heads, roughness, redness, falling hair and baby blemishes.
The only reliable preventive and external cure is CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world as well as the purest and sweetest for toilet and nursery.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA RESOLVENT, \$1; OINTMENT, 50c; SOAP, 25c. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Proprietors, Boston, Mass. *See "All about the Skin and Blood," mailed free*

A Good Reputation.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are everywhere acknowledged to be the best remedy for Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and Bronchial Affections.

When the first Napoleon gave an elaborate banquet at Versailles it was always topped off by a Marie Brizard & Roger cordial. They are still on sale and the quality never changes. T. W. STEINER, Union Square, New York.

THE fashionable ladies' corrective tonic is Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

A GOOD CHILD.

is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is best infant's food; so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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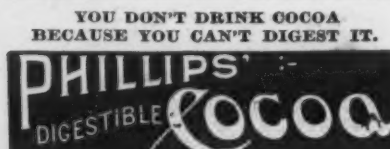
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